



[Private] Next trick, hiding skyscrapers in plain sight.



Chaz

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MOOD: 🟢 ECR

MUSIC: Ivy - Feel So Free


Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows!*

It's around nine hours to Toronto by car. Okay, a little less the way I drive.

Nine hours is plenty of time to get cold feet. To remind yourself that nobody, not even me, can plan and execute an exit in under 24 hours, alone, with no co-conspirators. (Poor Blue Beetle; she's been taking it easy for a while now. I don't think she was expecting a midnight run across the border.)

But then I got to Toronto, and I realized how good it was just being here. Being someplace where I still liked the guy I was, the last time I visited. Where I never stopped being that guy, and I don't carry a gun, and people look at my tatty old cast in corner fruit markets and say cheerfully, "That's got to be coming off any day now! I bet you can't wait!"

Also, the CN tower (

 [leahbobet](https://leahbobet.livejournal.com/) (<https://leahbobet.livejournal.com/>) took me today, for that and pea meal bacon sandwiches, which are perhaps the divine bacon sandwich) is still cool. I have to save some of this preserved salmon for Hafs, as kind of an apology.

So I spent some time on the train and on the trolleys (Trolleys! I love trolleys!) last night, curled up in the corner, polishing the mirror. I'm getting the hang of that face, and all the ways it works, and looking like the guy people expect me to be.

And as I was walking around the city last night after the trains stopped running, I also figured out that as long as I didn't get hurt too bad to walk away after, the hard part is done for me. Nobody's

going to catch me unless I let them. Ever. No matter what.

I went and stood on the Bloor Viaduct for a while and watched the cars sail past underneath. Not too many, because it was really ~~late~~ early by then. Just enough to keep things interesting, right? And it was cool and muggy, and they've put up a net to stop the suicides, but you can get around stuff like that if you're determined.

It was cool and humid, a beautiful night. Nobody gave me any trouble anywhere I walked. And I was thinking, okay, walk back to the car now, get your stuff. It'll never get quieter than three forty AM.

It's like Two-Face flipping his coin, right? Leave it up to a higher power. Because no matter how good you are, something can always happen. Ramona was good, after all, and all it took was one off-heading open and tangled lines and a big cement tower not too much different from the one I took an elevator up today to finish that.

And then I realized that even though I could do it, I didn't *have* to. That there was other stuff that I needed... wanted... to do more. So... I'll probably never do this again. Not without a permit, anyway. This felt like goodbye. But I'm glad I came, and made that decision here, instead of just staying home.

So this was good, city anonymity and polite, smiling Canadians and feeling like I was getting away with something. Or could have gotten away with it if I had decided to. But it was *my* choice. Maybe my luck isn't broken after all.

Maybe I just stretched it really hard and it's taking a while to bounce back.

I have to drive home tonight. Work tomorrow is going to suck, unless I take another day off, which I might. Erratic attendance, not the way to fast-track that promotion, cowboy.

*Funny how I never figured out before now what a stone bitch of a superpower it would be to live with the power to cloud men's minds. Poor Lamont.

TAGS: gratitude

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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